

K. Ossian

O I T H Ó N A:

A DRAMATIC POEM,

TAKEN FROM

The PROSE TRANSLATION of

The CELEBRATED OSSIAN.

AS PERFORMED

At the THEATRE ROYAL.

In the HAY MARKET.

SET TO MUSICK

By MR. BARTHELEMON.

LONDON:

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PERSONS of the D R A M A.

GAUL, the Son of Morni.

OITHONA the Daughter of NVATH, and sister of
LATHMON.

DUNROMMATH, Prince or Chief of CUTHAL, re-
siding in the Isle of TROMATHON.

Chorus, sometimes of one Voice, sometimes of
more, and consisting of two Bands, Strophè
and Antistrophè.

MORLO, and other Warriors of GAUL.

DUNROMMATH's Warriors.



Partly at DUNLATHMON, on the Banks of the Ri-
ver DUVRANNA, (uncertain whether in England
or Scotland) and partly in the Isle of TROMA'-
THON, which was three Days Sail from the Coast,
or from DUNLATHMON.

ACT I.

SCENE, DUNLATHMON.

Chorus, *in Harmony.*

Strophè.

AROUND DUNLATHMON, solemn Darkness
dwells,
Tho' on the Hill, the Moon shews half her Face.
The Daughter of the Night averts her Eyes,
For she forebodes the Sorrow coming on.

Single Voice of the Chorus. Recitativo.

Antistrophè.

The Son of MORNÍ, LO! is on the Plain,
But dismal Silence reigns within the Hall;
No beaming Light comes trembling thro' the Gloom,
Nor is OITHÓNA's Voice melodious heard,
Amidst the Murmur of DUVRANNA's Stream.

GAUL.

Air.

Daughter of Nuath,
Lovely dark-bair'd Maid,
Where in thy Beauty,
Whither art thou stray'd?

A 2

Reci-

Recitativo.

LATHMON, thy Brother's in the Field of War,
 But thou didst promise in the Hall t'abide,
 Here to remain, till MORNI'S Son return'd,
 Till he return'd from STRUMON to the Maid,
 From STRUMON, to the Damsel of his Love!

Air.

When he went forth,

The Tear was on thy Cheek,

The Sigh in secret

Rose within thy Breast;

But now to meet him,

Oh! thou dost not come,

With Songs of Welcome,

And the sounding Harp,

Daughter of Nuath,

Lovely dark-bair'd Maid,

Where in thy Beauty,

Whither art thou stray'd?

Chorus.—*A single Voice.*—

*Recitativo.**Strophè.*

Such were the Words of GAUL, great MORNI'S Son,
 When to DUNLATHMON'S Towers, the Hero came.

Antistrophè.

Antistrophè.

—The Gates were open, dark was all within,
 The Winds were blust'ring in the empty Hall,
 The Trees, the Threshold, strew'd with rustling
 Leaves,
 The Murmur of the Night was all abroad.—

Strophè.

—In silent Sadness, at a mossy Rock,
 The Son of MORNÍ sat; and for the Maid
 Anxious, he trembled in his boding Soul,
 But knew not whitherward to turn his Course.

Antistrophè.

MORLO! the Son of LETH, at Distance stood,
 And heard the Winds play thro' his bushy Hair,
 But did not raise his Voice; for well he saw,
 Great Sorrow fill'd the Heart of mighty GAUL.

A Symphony—then Recitativo continued.

Strophè.

Now Sleep descended on their troubled Minds,
 Nocturnal Visions rose, and in a Dream,
 Before the Eyes of GAUL, OITHÓNA stood.

*Air.**Antistrophè.*

*Loose and dishevell'd was her dark-brown Hair,
 Her lovely rolling Eye was bath'd in Tears,
 Blood stain'd her snowy Arm; her Robe half hid
 The ghastly Wound that pierc'd her panting Breast.*

*Recitativo.**Strophè.*

Over the Chief she stood, and thus she spoke.

Air.

Ob! sleeps the Son of MORNÍ, gallant GAUL!
 He that was lovely in OITHÓNA'S Eyes,
 Ob! sleeps he, distant, at the mossy Rock,
 And I, OITHÓNA, NUATH'S Daughter, low! —

Recitativo.

Round dark TROMA'THON'S Isle, the Ocean rolls,
 There, all in Tears, I sit within the Cave,
 Nor do I sit alone, Oh! gallant GAUL,
 The gloomy Chief of CUTHAL sits beside,
 Yea, he is there, in all the Rage of Love!
 And what! oh, what! can poor OITHÓNA do?

*A short Symphony.—Recitativo.**Antistrophè.*

A rougher Blast rush'd thro' the leafy Oak,
 GAUL started from his Dream, and seiz'd his spear;
 He stood up furious in the Rage of Wrath! —

GAUL.

Air.

Perdition on the Ravisber,
 The Villain I'll pursue,
 Nor ever cease my rapid Course,
 Till I have Vengeance due.

Chorus.

Chorus.

A single Voice. — Recitativo.

Strophè.

With eager Eyes, he look'd for lagging Light,
At length the Morning came; when, up the Sail,
The Hero hoist'; and sudden with the Breeze,
That came down rustling from the winding Hills,
Forth from the Shore, he bounded on the Deep.

Ode.

Semichorus by Men.

Strophè.

Lovely Females, form'd for Pleasure,
Source of highest human Joy,
Oft you cause, in equal Measure,
Griefs that all our Peace destroy.

Semichorus by Women.

Antistrophè.

Seeds of Bliss for all, in common,
Nature in the World has sown,
Each vain Man, a Self-Tormentor,
Claims the whole for self alone.

Chorus alternate.

Strophè. Men.

Passion roars, — while Reason whispers;
Listen to her gentle Voice :

Antistrophè.

Antistrophè. Women.

*Pleasures seek within your Power,
Nor to Fortune trust the Choice.*

Chorus in Canon.

Epode.

*Ob! wretched be, whose Happiness depends
On Faith of others, Women, Winds, or Friends!*

END of the First A C T.

A C T II.

*A Symphony.*S C E N E, *the Isle of TROMATHON.**Chorus, single Voice. Recitativo.**Strophè.*

ON the third Day, arose TROMATHON'S Isle,
 Like a blue Shield amidst the boundless Sea,
 The white Wave roar'd against its craggy Rocks,
 And fair OITHONA sat upon the Cliff;—

In sad Despair, she watch'd the rolling Waves,
 And hopeless, forrowing, her Tears descend.—

Antistrophè.

But when she saw the gallant GAUL in Arms,
 She started back, and turn'd her Eyes away,
 Her lovely Cheek was brent, and flush'd with red,
 Her snow-white Arm, all trembling by his Side.
 Thrice from his Presence, did she strive to fly,
 But fault'ring as she went, her Footsteps fail'd.

Thus spoke the Hero.—

GAUL.

Air.

*Daughter of NUATH!**Why dost fly from GAUL,*

B

Do

Do Flames of Death,
 Dart from my baggard Eyes,
 Or harbour Hatred
 In my gloomy Soul?
 Thou art to me

The Radiance of the East,
 Dispelling Darknefs,
 In a Land unknown.

But Oh! thy Face with Sadnefs is o'erspread,
 Daughter of high DUNLATHMON, hapless Maid!

Recitativo.

Is then the Foe of dear OITHÓNA nigh?—
 My Soul's on Fire to meet him in the Fight.
 The Sword hangs quiv'ring on the Side of GAUL,
 With eager haste to glitter in his Hand.

Recitativo accompanied.

Lovely OITHÓNA!—Daughter of NUATH, speak!
 Behold thy GAUL!—Dost thou not see my Tears?

Chorus. Single Voice, Recitativo.

Then thus the fighting Maid. —

OITHÓNA.—Recitativo.

Oh! Car-borne Gaul; of STRUMON, valiant Chief,
 Why com'st thou hither, o'er the dark-blue Wave,
 To sad OITHÓNA, NUATH's mournful Maid?—

Air.

Why did I not,
 In secret pass away,

Like

*Like the fair Flower
 Of the lonely Rock,
 That lifts its Head unseen,
 And on the Blast
 Bestrews its wither'd Leaves!—
 Why didst thou come,
 O GAUL! to bear
 My last departing Sigh?—
 I pass away in Youth, my Name unheard,
 Or 'twill be heard with Grief, and NUATH' Tears.*

Recitativo.

And thou, O! Son of MORNÍ, wilt be sad,
 Sad for OITHÓNA, and her fallen Fame.—
 —But she shall sleep within the narrow Tomb,
 Nor shall the Voice of Mourners reach her Ears.

Accompanied.

O! Chief of STRUMON, to these sea-beat Rocks
 Of bleak TROMA'THON, wherefore didst thou
 come?

GAUL. *Recitativo.*

I came to meet thy Foes, most lovely Maid;—
 The Death of CUTHAL'S Chief fills all my Mind;
 Or CUTHAL'S Chief, or MORNÍ'S Son shall fall!—
 And if I fall, OITHÓNA, when I'm low,
 Raise me a Tomb on yonder oozy Rock.—
 Then as some bounding Vessel passes by,
 Call to the Sons of Ocean, call them to,

And give them this, this Sword, for them to bear
To MORNÍ's Hall; that then, the grey-hair'd Lord
May cease to look, with Expectation vain,
Towards the Defart, for his Son's Return.

Chorus. *Single Voice.—Recitativo.*

To him, OITHÓNA, with a bursting Sigh!—

OITHÓNA.—*Recitativo.*

And shall the hapless Maid of NUATH live,
Live in TROMA'THON, live when thou art low?

Air.

*My Heart, O GAUL! is not of that dull Rock,
Nor is my Soul as careless as that Sea,
That lifts its azure Waves to ev'ry Wind,
And rolls obediently beneath the Storm.*

*No, gallant GAUL, the Blast that lays thee low,
Shall spread OITHÓNA's Branches on the Earth.*

Recitativo.

Together shall we fade, together fall!—
—I like the narrow House and Grey-stone Tomb;
For never more, Oh! Son of Car-borne MORNÍ,
For never more, TROMA'THON's Rocks I'll leave!

GAUL.

Be cheer'd, my Love, th' involuntary Strain,
Exhales, like Vapour, from a gen'rous Mind.
Then cease to grieve, for since your spotless Soul
Is true to GAUL, my Heart rebounds with Joy.

Air,

Air.

*No more a Prey to black Despair,
 But for future Blifs prepare.
 Cuthal's Head shall pay his Crime,
 And as all your Heart is mine,
 I shall never feel a Pain,
 When the Ravisher is slain.
 Away, away with black Despair,
 And for future Blifs prepare.*

Recitativo.

But say, fair Damsel, by what Art, or Force,
 From high DUNLATHMON, wert thou hither drawn?

OITHÓNA.

Oh! fatal was that Night, obscur'd by Clouds,
 When LATHMON left me in the lonely Hall,
 And went to join his Father in the Wars,
 Went to the mossy Rocks of DUTHERMÓTH.
 —The Night came on, I sitting in the Hall,
 By the bright beaming of the blazing Oak;
 The Wind abroad was rustling in the Trees:
 —I heard the Sound of Arms;—my Joy arose;—
 For, gallant GAUL, I thought of thy Return.
 —But, O! Delusion;—it was CUTHAL's Chief,
 DUNROMMATH, raging in his red-hair'd Strength,
 His Eyes roll'd all in Fire, and on his Sword,
 I saw my People's Blood!—OITHÓNA's Guard
 Fell by the Fury of the gloomy Chief.—

Accompanied.

Accompanied.

What could I do?—

What could my feeble Arm!

What could I do!

I could not lift the Spear!—

Recitativo.

He took me in my Grief, amidst my Tears,
And raised the Sail.—For, ah, the Traitor fear'd
LATHMON with Strength, returning from the War,
LATHMON, OITHÓNA's Brother, hapless Maid!

Short Symphony.

Recitativo continuo.

But, ah! behold, he comes with all his Crew,
His scudding Bark divides the dingy Wave.
—Where wilt thou turn thy Steps, beloved GAUL,
For many Warriors hath DUNKOMMATH here!

Chorus, Single Voice, Recitativo.

To her, the Hero, drawing forth his Sword.

GAUL. *Recitativo.*

My Steps have never yet from Battle turned,
And shall I now, fair Maid, begin to fear,
Now, when thy Foes, OITHÓNA, are so near.

Duet.

GAUL.

Go to thy Cave, Daughter of NUATH, go,
Go to thy Cave, until our Battle cease.

OITHÓNA.

OITHÓNA.

*And can I wish to live, when thou art low;
Bereft of ev'ry Joy, my Fame, and Peace?*

Both.

*Soul of the World, look from your Throne above,
Avert the Danger, and preserve my Love!*

GAUL. *Recitativo.*

Bring forth, O! Son of LETH, our Father's Bows,
And Morni's rattling Quiver, hither bring,
Let our three Warriors bend th' elastic Yew,
Morlo and Gaul, ourselves will lift the Spear;
—They on the Rock are many, they're an Host;
But Morlo and my Friends, our Souls are strong.

Chorus. *Single Voice. Recitativo.**Strophè.*

The fair OITHÓNA went towards the Cave,
A troubled Joy rose sudden on her Mind,
Like the red Path of Light'ning on a Cloud.
—Her Soul was now resolved; no crystal Tear
Now trickled from her wildly looking Eye.

Antistrophè.

Mean while, DUNROMMATH's Crew drew near the
Shore,
And rent the Air with Heart-exulting Song.

DUNROMMATH's

DUNROMMATH'S Warriors.

Air, in full Harmony.

*The Toils of War suspending,
We'll give the Day to Joy,
Love, * Shells, and Music blending;
Our Feast can never cloy.*

*To the Harp's enliv'ning Sound,
O'er the Turf we'll lightly bound,
Far from Danger, free from Care,
All for Love and Joy prepare.*

* Their drinking Cups were made of Sea Shells; what their
Liquor was, is unknown to us.

END of the Second ACT,

ACT III.

A Warlike Symphony, or DUNROMMATH's March.

Chorus. *Single Voice. Recitativo.*

Strophè.

SLOWLY approach'd DUNROMMATH; for
he saw,
The Son of MORNI, valiant GAUL, in Arms.
—With Face distort and wrinkled by Disdain,
And Smile affected on his dark brown Cheek,
His red Eye rolled, half hid beneath his Brow,
When thus, to GAUL, the gloomy Chief address'd.

DUNROMMATH. *Recitativo.*

Sons of the Sea, from whence, and why, come
here?
Have the rude Winds compell'd you on our Rocks?
—Or, do you come, in search, ye feeble Men,
Of NUATH's Daughter, the white-handed Maid?

AIR.

*Unhappy Victims,
To Dunrommath's Wrath.
His Eye spares not*

C

The

*The weak, and he delights
In Stranger's Blood ;
Unhappy feeble Men !*

Recitativo.

OITHONA is a blazing Beam of Light,
Enjoy'd in Secret here by CUTHAL's Chief ;
—Wouldst thou becloud its Loveliness, vain Man,
Son of the feeble Hand !—Yes, thou may'st come,
But to thy Father's Halls shalt thou return ?

GAUL. Recitativo.

Dost thou not know me, CUTHAL's red-hair'd Chief ?
Swift were thy Feet, DUNROMMATH, on the Heath,
In car-borne LATHMON's Battle, when the Sword
Of MORNI's Son pursued his flying Host
In MORVEN's woody Land.—Yes, red-hair'd Chief,
Thy Words are mighty now, for lo ! I see,
Your warlike Men are gathering behind.
—But do I fear them, Son of empty Pride ?
I am not of the Race of feeble Men.

Duet.

DUNROMMATH.

Unhappy Victim to Dunrommath's Rage !

GAUL.

Swift were thy Feet, vain Boaster, when you fled.

Both.

*Your Blood, my Indignation shall assuage,
And just Revenge shall reach your guilty Head.*

Warlike Symphony, or March for GAUL.

Chorus. *Single Voice. Recitativo.*

Strophè.

GAUL in his Arms advanc'd, DUNROMMATH shrunk
Behind his People :—But the Spear of GAUL
Transfix'd the gloomy Chief, and swift his Sword
Lopped off his Head, just bending into Death.
The Son of MORNÍ shook it by the Lock,
And all the Warriors of DUNROMMATH fled.
The MORVEN Arrows reach them in their Flight,
And Ten fall prostrate on the mossy Rocks :
The rest more happy lift the swelling Sail,
And bound in Safety on the sounding Deep.

GAUL's Warriors.

Air in full Harmony.

*Away, away, with ev'ry Care,
Now for future Bliss prepare.
CUTHAL's Head has paid his Crime,
Heart and Hand, OITHONA's Thine.
Away, away, with ev'ry Care,
Now for future Bliss prepare.*

Chorus.

Single Voice—Recitativo.

Antistrophe.

But GAUL advancing tow'ards OITHONA's Cave,
Beheld a Youth reclin'd against a Rock.

Accompanied.

An Arrow pierc'd his Side, a deadly Wound!
Beneath his Helmet faintly roll'd his Eye.—

Recitativo.

The feeling Soul of MORNI's Son is sad.
He came, and kindly spoke the Words of Peace.

GAUL.

Recitativo.

Say, mournful Youth, say, can the Hand of GAUL
Avail your Wound?—I've search'd for healing
Herbs

Among the Mountains, and have gather'd Plants,
Along the secret Banks of winding Streams.—

My Hand has clos'd the Wounds of valiant Men,
And wond'ring Eyes have bless'd the Hand of
GAUL.

—Where dwelt thy Father's Warrior?—What their
Race?

Say, were they the Sons of mighty Men?

Air.

Air.

*Sadness shall come,
Upon thy native Streams,
Like Night, for thou
Art fallen in thy Youth.*

Chorus.

Single Voice.—Recitativo.

The Stranger thus replied.—

Stranger.—Recitativo.

Sons of the mighty, all my Fathers were,
But they shall not be sad; for, ah! my Fame,
Like Morning Mist, is vanished away.—
—DUVRANNA's Banks sustain those lofty Walls,
That view their mossy Towers in the Stream;
A Rock ascends behind, with bending Firs;
A noted Mark, far distant to be seen.

Accompanied.

There dwells my Brother, much renown'd in War,
To him, to him—this glitt'ring Helmet give.

Discord of Horror.

Chorus.

Single Voice.—Recitativo.

Strophè.

Down drop'd the Helmet from the Hand of
GAUL,

For,

For, Oh!—OITHÓNA was the wounded Youth.
Disguis'd in Arms, she came in Search of Death,
And now with Eyes half-clos'd, and down her Side
Her Life-Blood streaming forth, she spake her last.

OITHÓNA.

Recitativo accompanied.

Prepare, Oh! GAUL, prepare the narrow Tomb,
Sleep, like a Cloud, comes stealing on my Soul,
OITHÓNA's Eyes are dim!—

Air.

Ob! at DUVRANNA,

Had I ever dwelt,

In the bright Glory

Of my splendid Fame;

Then wou'd my Tears

With Joy come rolling on,

And future Virgins,

Bless my honour'd Steps.

But, Son of MORNÍ, in my Youth I fall,

And Shame shall reach my Father in his Hall!

Full Chorus.

Strophè.

Pale, on the Rock, the lifeless Damsel fell,

And there, the mournful Hero rais'd her Tomb!

Antistrophè.

Antistrophè.

Ye Bards, in solemn Dirge, her Story tell.

Thus fell OITHÓNA, in her early Bloom.

Epode.

Conscious of her guiltless Shame,

Martyr to her Virgin Fame,

As she fell, all free from Blame,

Glory celebrates her Name.

THE END.



1854
To the
Honorable
the President of the United States
Washington

My dear Sir
I have the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter of the
10th inst. in relation to the
proposed amendment to the
Constitution of the United States
relating to the right of
citizenship.

4 AP 54

Page 4. Sixth line from the top,
 9. Antistrophè, 3d line,
 ditto 5th line,
 10. the 3d line from the top,
 11. the 10th line,
 12. the 4th line from the
 bottom,
 20. the last line,

for

ERRATA.

When he went forth
brent
his Side
harbour
Nuath's
Strain
Were they the Sons

When forth he went.
bent.
her Side.
harbour's.
Nuath's.
Stain.
Were they of the Sons.

read